

# The Dark Husband, by David Quantick

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## [Part One]

ACE: Doctor - doors - open up! Quick!

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Ace. Is Hex not with you?

ACE: He's just here. Oh. Oh, what's happened to him now?

HEX: (distant) Hey! Hey! Wait for me! I'm coming! I'm coming!

DOCTOR: Oh dear.

ACE: Oh, I'll get him.

(Roar.)

DOCTOR: Be careful, Ace. That thing's going to...

(Giant sneeze.)

DOCTOR: Blow.

HEX: Oh, man! Oh no.

(Splash.)

HEX: Argh.

ACE: Hex.

HEX: It's all over me. I can't move.

ACE: Take my hand. Urgh. Other hand.

DOCTOR: (distant) Hurry up. Looks like it's building up for another one.

(Squelch.)

ACE: That's it. Got you.

HEX: Ah! I'm covered in s...

ACE: Never mind that. Run! How long have we got?

DOCTOR: About er ten seconds. Nine, eight...

HEX: That's another fine mess you've got me into.

DOCTOR: Five, four...

ACE: Shut up and drive!

DOCTOR: Three, two... oh.

ACE + HEX: Doors.

DOCTOR: Good trip, you two?

HEX: You're joking, aren't ya? Look at the state of me.

DOCTOR: I don't know. Maybe your trousers look better shiny.

HEX: They're not shiny. They're muc'd.

ACE: Get away from me. You need a shower.

HEX: I need a really big hanky. I think I've got to go and blow my pants.

DOCTOR: Towels in emergency bathroom. Second left.

ACE: Third left.

DOCTOR: Third left! Honestly, I don't know. What's wrong with a bit of nasal slime?

ACE: You knew that was out there, didn't you? You had a funny look on your face the moment you found out that place was called... what was it? Akinajoof?

DOCTOR: Yes. It can mean either Forest of Delicious Fruits, or Snot Monster's Garden. It really depends which translation you use.

ACE: Mmm.

DOCTOR: Now. (hums)

ACE: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Yes?

ACE: How come we never do anything pleasant? You know, nice.

DOCTOR: Nice?

ACE: Yeah, you know, nice. I just want a break.

DOCTOR: A break?

ACE: A break. A day off. A week, even.

DOCTOR: Where?

ACE: Er...

DOCTOR: Come on, the universe is a big place. You have to be specific.

ACE: Well, we could, er... Oh. Er...

DOCTOR: Time's ticking away. Always ticking. Tick. What's the other one? Oh, tock, yes that's it. Tick tock.

ACE: You're putting me on the spot. Have you got any brochures?  
DOCTOR: This is a Time and Space machine, not a travel agent's. Of course I don't have any...  
HEX: Hey, what are all these brochures doing in the bog?  
ACE: Brochures.  
DOCTOR: Ah. I was wondering what had happened to those. They must have been misplaced when the Tardis architecture last reconfigured itself.  
ACE: Must have.  
HEX: Hey! The Death Well of Mindar. Is that a ride?  
DOCTOR: No. It's a death well. Try one without a screaming face on the front. They're more humanoid friendly.  
ACE: The Eye Boiling Vat of Pain at Fringan. Hex?  
HEX: Ah, I dunno. Something about the name's putting me off. Here you are, here's one. The Festival of the Twin Moons of Tuin.  
DOCTOR: Ah, The Festival of the Twin Moons of Tuin. That takes me back.  
HEX: Well, what is it?  
DOCTOR: Well, it's a festival, of the planet Tuin, and it involves the twin moons.  
ACE: I think we got that, Doctor.  
HEX: Er, yeah. Can you be a bit more specific?  
DOCTOR: The Festival of the Twin Moons of Tuin takes place once every five hundred Tuin years, which is approximately...  
ACE: Five hundred Earth years?  
DOCTOR: Approximately. It's a celebration of all the good aspects of the planet Tuin, and it takes the form of a week-long party with music and dancing.  
HEX: Well, that sounds all right. Music and dancing. Like Glastonbury. Will there be a beer tent?  
DOCTOR: Oh, almost certainly. The planet Tuin has often been referred to as the Brewery of the Galaxy.  
HEX: Ah, so there might be the odd lager knocking about.  
DOCTOR: Read that.  
HEX: The beer houses of Tuin boast as many as fourteen hundred varieties of ale. Great, what are we waiting for? Let's go.  
ACE: Hang on! I want a break, not a booze-up.  
DOCTOR: Next paragraph?  
ACE: Er, the Festival of Tuin is also noted for its emphasis on peace and relaxation. Spas fully-equipped with... Wow! All right then, I'm sold.  
DOCTOR: Very well. I suppose the Tardis could use an airing.  
HEX: Hurrah! Planet Ale, here we come!  
(The Tardis dematerialises.)  
DOCTOR: Mind you, if you want beer, The Eye Boiling Vat of Pain at Fringan does a very nice pint.  
HEX: Yeah, but with a name like that, it's got to be part of a chain.

(The Tardis materialises, door opens and closes.)  
ACE: Bit bleak. You're sure this is Tuin?  
DOCTOR: Yes. It does seem somewhat overcast.  
HEX: Yeah, but there's not a cloud in the sky.  
DOCTOR: Well observed, Master Hex. So, we must be overcast by... Ah!  
HEX: That massive great big enormous huge giant pillar behind us?  
ACE: The one that's as tall as the Empire State Building and twice as wide? You reckon?  
HEX: Caught your eye too, did it?  
DOCTOR: (distant) Come on!  
HEX: What does he mean, come on? Hurry up, it's lunch time, or...  
ACE: Or, follow me, I've had an idea and I'm too brainy to explain it to you, then later something awful will happen and he'll apologise for not mentioning it earlier.  
HEX: Hmm. Sounds like fun.  
ACE: What, unpleasantness, fear, boredom, danger and weird alien creatures sounds like fun?  
HEX: Yeah. It's not that different to [??], really.  
DOCTOR: (distant) I've found something!  
ACE: Here we go. He's found something. Where are you?  
DOCTOR: (distant) Over the ridge.  
HEX: What ridge? Ah!  
ACE: That ridge. Hey. Are those graves?  
HEX: Nah. There's miles and miles of them. The whole planet'd have to be a graveyard.  
DOCTOR: You know, I think this whole planet is a graveyard.  
ACE: Great.

RI COMPUTER 1: (male) Alert. Sensors detect super space chatter on [??] surface.  
RI COMPUTER 2: (female) Recount chatter.  
RI COMPUTER 1: Recounting.  
DOCTOR [OC]: You know, I think this whole planet is a graveyard.  
RI COMPUTER 2: These are not Ir.  
RI COMPUTER 1: Then they must be Ir.  
RI COMPUTER 2: Follicle count says these are not Ir.  
RI COMPUTER 1: Then they must be Ir spies.  
RI COMPUTER 1 + RI COMPUTER 2: And Ir must be destroyed.  
RI COMPUTER 2: Despatch nearest Ri sentinel.  
RI COMPUTER 1: Nearest Ri Sentinel. Senior Infantry Fighter Ori, from the Second Corps of Those Prepared For Death, Third Battalion, Carrion Of Tomorrow regiment. Brigade of Bones Scattered Across the Boundary of...  
RI COMPUTER 2: Sentinel is adequately locked. Despatching Senior Infantry Fighter Ori. Find the Ir spies. Destroy the Ir. Destroy.

ACE: What's so interesting, Doctor?

DOCTOR: The markings on this pillar. Fascinating.

HEX: It's a mural. They had one outside our community centre, only it got graffiti'd. Nobody found out who did it, but I got the blame.

DOCTOR: Fascinating.

HEX: Maybe if I hadn't have signed it.

ACE: Hex?

HEX: Oh, sorry. Yeah, go on.

DOCTOR: Thank you. This particular mural is ancient. Legends and lore going back thousands of years, and...

ACE: Well, it's a war memorial, isn't it? Look, these blokes here, fighting these blokes here...

DOCTOR: I'm not so sure.

ACE: Doctor, you said this was a place of peace and tranquillity.

HEX: And beer.

DOCTOR: Well, it's peaceful enough now. I'm sorry. Sometimes the Tardis misses its target.

ACE: Sometimes? Doctor, sundials at night are more accurate than the Tardis. Underwater sundials at night are more accurate than the Tardis.

DOCTOR: A tragedy of this scale must have quite a story behind it.

ACE: Just for once I wanted a world *without* a story, Doctor. Not the past, not the future, just the present.

DOCTOR: Oh, very well. I'll just gather some data here, and then we'll pop back a few thousand years and have a holiday.

ACE: What, here? Knowing what's going to happen to all these people?

DOCTOR: Ace, every world I visit, every civilisation I come across, I go there knowing that one day it'll end. In war or catastrophe or just in the sudden snuffing out of a sun.

HEX: And I thought me Mam could put a downer on a holiday. Look, I'm with Ace. I don't fancy having a break around here.

ACE: Come on Hex, let's go back.

HEX: Right.

DOCTOR: I don't tell them their civilisations are going to end. That'd be rude. I... Oh well. I suppose we could go somewhere nice. Nice. Honestly, humans. Only a planet that's had seven world wars could come up with a concept like nice. The H Bomb and the toasted teacake. Twin poles of Man's achievement. Oh. Ah, now. This is interesting. Placed here to commemorate the glorious dead. Always the same, these things. And the war that shall never end. Oh dear. It would seem that this war is still going on. Bone fields, hops and meadows. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. Hmm. That's interesting. Ace, I'm busy. I'll join you and Hex in the Tardis in a... Don't poke me with that...

(Energy whine..)

DOCTOR: Gun. Ah. Oh. Hello, I'm the Doctor.

ORI: Spy. Agent of Ir.

DOCTOR: Ah, no, you see, I...

(Whine, thud.)

HEX: What?

HEX + ACE: Was that?

ACE: Trouble. Doctor?

HEX: Where are you? Doctor?

ORI: More Ir.

ACE: Oh no!

HEX: Wow! He's a bit hairy, isn't he?

ACE: Get down!

(Blast. Ace gasps.)

ACE: Are you okay?

HEX: Yeah, yeah.

(Blast.)

HEX: Oi! These are gravestones!

ORI: (spits) Ir graves.

(Blast.)

ACE: Don't think he cares. No sign of the Doctor.

HEX: Not unless he's been zapped already.

ACE: What is that thing?

HEX: I'm a nurse, Jim. Not a man who knows what... that thing is. But it's very ginger, and very hairy. So come on, what's our plan?

ACE: We haven't got a plan.

HEX: Why haven't we got a plan?

ACE: Shall we go back and have a meeting? I think there's a conference room somewhere in the Tardis. Maybe we could brainstorm a few ideas. You know, see what we come up with?

ORI: I'm coming to get you.

(Laughs, blast.)

HEX: Fair point. You know, you're very attractive when you're sarcastic.

ACE: Look, you distract whatever it is, and I'll run in and try to get the Doctor.

HEX: Distract it? With what, me holiday snaps?

ACE: Just do something. Good luck.

HEX: Brilliant. We're ten feet away from Alan the space orang-utan and his great big enormous zappy super-gun, and she wants me to run around waving me arms shouting, chase me, chase me.

ORI: I can smell you, Ir scum.

HEX: Oi! You! Simply Red! Over 'ere!

(Blast.)

HEX: Missed. Hey, guess what? I snogged your Mum. And she was rubbish!

(Blast.)

ACE: Doctor? Doctor.

DOCTOR: Ace.

ACE: Eh? Where are...?

DOCTOR: Here.

ACE: Oh. Where? Oh. You've been digging your own grave again?

DOCTOR: Help me out.

ACE: Oh yeah. I see the problem. They bury their dead ten feet under. Hang on. Oh! If I just... lower myself...

DOCTOR: Careful.

ACE: Just get hold of my foot. Ow!

DOCTOR: Sorry.

ACE: Wrench it out of the socket, why don't you? Oh. Oh!

DOCTOR: The side's giving way.

ACE: Ow!

(Thud.)

DOCTOR: Ace ?

ACE: Oh... I'm fine. I think.

DOCTOR: It's all up to Hex now. Where is he?

ACE: Distracting the alien with taunts and sexual innuendo.

DOCTOR: And that's the full extent of your plan?

ACE: Sorry, we couldn't schedule the full brainstorm. Found you though, didn't I?

DOCTOR: True. Ah. Unfortunately, so did our friend. And he's holding his gun to Hex's head.

HEX: Sorry.

ORI: Ir scum. I have you now.

RI COMPUTER 2: Plasmoid blast detected on Tuin surface.

RI COMPUTER 1: Recount.

RI COMPUTER 2: Recounting.

HEX [OC]: Oi! You! Simply Red! Over 'ere!

RI COMPUTER 1: Plasmoid blasts suggests presence of Ri infantry.

RI COMPUTER 2: Low follicle count suggests their enemy is neither Ir nor Ri. Who is their enemy?

RI COMPUTER 1: Despatch scout ship to investigate. Glory to Ir.

RI COMPUTER 2: Glory. Glory.

ORI: Get in.

HEX: Hey!

DOCTOR: Hex, are you...?

HEX: Fine. I'd have just climbed in if you would have asked me nicely. Sorry about that, folks.

ACE: Suppose you did your best.

HEX: I think he got upset when I made a reference to his Auntie Marge, and a tub of margari...

ORI: Be quiet. You are all three prisoners of the army of Ri. We are the true way. We are the only force. We are Ri.

HEX: You're ginger, mate. That's what you are. Ginger all over!

DOCTOR: Hex. It's very unwise to mock the physical appearance of another species.

ACE: Especially with mucus in your hair.

ORI: Silence. Who are you?

DOCTOR: Well, how can we answer that, when you've just told us to be silent?

ORI: You are spies from Ir.

DOCTOR: Oh, please. It's always spies with you people, isn't it? No one's ever a tourist, or lost, or visiting their nephew. No, it's spies every time.

ACE: We're travellers.

HEX: Just passing through. On a visit, like. Any idea where the beer tent is?

ORI: Ha! There have been no visitors here for thousands of years. Tuin is a wasteland, a desert. No life remains on Tuin. Unending war between our moon of Ri, and the enemy moon of Ir, has cursed her sorry surface. There is nothing here but the silent dead.

HEX: I told you we shouldn't have come off-season.

DOCTOR: Look, whatever your name is, we're...

ORI: Senior Infantry Fighter Ori, from the Second Corps of Those Prepared For Death, Third Battalion, Carrion of Tomorrow Regiment, Brigade of Bones Scattered Across The Universe...

DOCTOR: Yes, yes, yes, yes, Ori, yes. We're not here to harm you, and goodness knows, we're not interested in your war. How long did you say it's been going on for?

ORI: Ten thousand years.

DOCTOR: Couldn't you have come up with a better way of spending ten thousand years?

ORI: The hatred between our peoples is fierce and strong.

ACE: Well, it'd be pretty stupid to be at war all this time because you found each other mildly annoying.

DOCTOR: Look what you've done to this planet. A perfectly pleasant planet, in bits.

ORI: War brings with it its own necessities. If our homeworld should perish in our conflict, so be it.

DOCTOR: Your homeworld? I notice you've conveniently failed to blow up your own moon in all of this.

ORI: The moon of Ri has suffered in war. See how its surface is pitted.

DOCTOR: Your moon's still there though, isn't it? And your opponents, the Ir, they've still got their moon, so everybody's happy.

ORI: You are fools. You know nothing of the dispute between our two peoples.

DOCTOR: I'm sure it was all terribly important at the time, but really, isn't it about time you sorted it out?

ACE: Doctor, I'm not sure this is the time to play peacemaker.

DOCTOR: Come on, Ace. These people have been at war for ten thousand years. And over what?

Somebody probably misheard somebody say something at a banquet, or dropped a comb in somebody's soup. Any one of a million stupid petty reasons which apparently justified the slaughter of millions of innocent people.

ORI: The people of Ri fired a plague missile at our capital city.

HEX: I gotta say, that is a bit steep.

ORI: We did drop a thousand lava bombs on their capital city first, but we had just cause.

(Rumbling overhead.)

ACE: Doctor.

DOCTOR: What is it?

ACE: That!

IRIT [OC]: Er... Hello... Testing. (tapping twice) Er... surrender your weapons. Surrender your weapons.

ORI: Never! Die, Ir scum!

ACE: Ori, put that stupid gun down. That's a fully armed battle craft.

ORI: I shall die for Ri.

DOCTOR: I don't think that's wise.

ORI: True. Retreat, retreat, or I shall blast your spies into oblivion.

HEX: Good intervention, Doctor.

IRIT [OC]: The Ir do not retreat.

ORI: Then watch your agents writhe in the agonies of a slow protracted death.

DOCTOR: Ori, no!  
ORI: Die! Die! Die!  
(Blasts, all cry out.)

(Wibble, whoosh.)

HEX: What was that?

ACE: Tractor beam?

DOCTOR: Attractor beam. A beam that attracts us.

HEX: Oh, I get it.

ACE: All right, snarky.

HEX: So we're inside the battle craft, do you think?

ACE: Obviously.

HEX: All right, snarky.

DOCTOR: Which makes these gentlemen the Ir.

IRIT: Surrender your weapons.

DOCTOR: We have no weapons. We come in peace.

IRIT: You do? Ah well, all the same, search them.

ACE: Oi! Tell your boot boys to back off.

DOCTOR: Let's just cooperate, shall we, Ace?

ACE: Just watch it, Baldy.

HEX: Hang on. They're all baldy.

ACE: Oh, blimey. Right Said Fred made it into space.

IRIT: We of the Ir are proud to be hairless. You show signs of redegeneracy. These shabby lank and greasy locks.

HEX: Bit personal. There's nothing lank or greasy about my hair.

ACE: Well, actually...

HEX: Oh right. Snot.

IRIT : Vile.

IRIT: They're clear. No mini-guns, anti-personnel mines.

DOCTOR: Scissors, razor blades, screwdrivers, not us.

IRIT: Excellent. Well now, all that remains is to kill you.

ACE: Sorry?

IRIT: I expect you are. But really, there's no need. It's a painless death, and as we don't believe in an afterlife, you won't be going to Hell.

DOCTOR: Before you do kill us...

HEX: Hey, you're giving in a bit easily, aren't ya? I really would like not to be killed.

ACE: Yeah, me too. Er, me neither.

DOCTOR: Oh, come now. When faced with the inevitable, you really ought to just sit back and accept it.

ACE: Doctor, this isn't a visit to the dentist. They're gonna to kill us.

IRIT: Yes, and we'd like to do it sooner rather than later, if you don't mind.

DOCTOR: Of course. But before you do complete your no doubt completely necessary task...

IRIT: Yes?

DOCTOR: You couldn't tell me, why is it completely necessary?

IRIT: Well, because there's a war on.

DOCTOR: Oh, I see.

IRIT: And it wouldn't be much of a war if we didn't kill anyone, would it?

DOCTOR: I suppose not. Well, thank you for sorting that out.

IRIT: Not at all. It's nice to see such an understanding attitude in a foe. Most of them are so self-centred when it comes to death. Foolish really when a time like... well, like this should be an occasion for composing oneself, not screaming and running around begging for things.

ACE: Begging for things?

IRIT: Things, yes. Mercy, life, that sort of carry-on. Anyway, time moves on and I'd love to talk, but you know how it is.

ACE: Doctor, can you hear...?

DOCTOR: Yes I can. There's one more thing...

IRIT: There always is, but now we really must terminate your existence. Existences. I never get that right.

DOCTOR: Have you noticed that sound?

IRIT: What sound?

ACE: The loud one?

DOCTOR: I believe it's an all-clear, Ace. But I'd like my friend from the Ir to confirm that.

IRIT: Oh, all right. That sound, as I suspect you know, is a signal.

DOCTOR: *The* signal, in fact.

IRIT: Yes. It's the Sign of Commencement.

DOCTOR: The Sign of Commencement. A giant klaxon created in a brief moment of truce 9500 years ago and now sounded once every five hundred years. It indicates the start of the most important event in the calendar of the Twin Moons of Tuin.

ACE: Could that be the Festival of the Twin Moons of Tuin?

HEX: So the festival's still on? Great! Mine's a pint.

DOCTOR: Not only does the Sign of Commencement signal the start of Tuin's most revered festival - and yes, Hex, opening time - the only occasion in fact where Ir and Ri are briefly at peace. But also... Oh, you tell them.

IRIT: The end of any hostilities for the period of the festival.

ACE: They can't execute us now!

IRIT: As you very well knew. Come, my fellow Ir, we must land on Tuin and prepare the Festival.

HEX: Hey, what about us?

IRIT: Detract them.

HEX: You wha...?

(Wibble, whoosh.)

ACE: De-tractor beam. I get it.

DOCTOR: Quite. Detracted back whence we came.

HEX: Hang on. Up there, were you playing for time?

ACE: Oh Hex, duh!

DOCTOR: Having made certain calculations based on the alignment of the Pillar of Remembrance and the positioning of the Moons, it was a simple matter to check my hunch that we had arrived less than an hour before the Sign of Commencement would occur.

HEX: I don't get it. I thought this Festival was out the window, on account of the war and that.

DOCTOR: Oh Hex, this Festival is the only way of ending the war, which is why we're here.

ACE: He's done it again. The whole thing was deliberate from the start. We never were going on holiday, were we? This was never a break. You never got the date wrong.

HEX: You mean you planted those brochures in the Tardis bog?

DOCTOR: What suspicious minds you have.

ORI: Stand still.

HEX: Ah, no. The ginger minger's back.

ORI: The Ir chose not to kill you, I see. Therefore you must be their allies. So I must kill you.

HEX: Clock the klaxon? It's Festival time, mate. You can't kill us.

ACE: Well? Get out of that.

HEX: Is he gonna cry?

ORI: You have shamed me, for I had you at my mercy, and failed to deliver the killing shot.

ACE: Honestly, some aliens.

ORI: I ask only that you accept the hospitality of the Ri.

DOCTOR: I think he's going to buy you a pint, Hex.

HEX: He is? Brilliant! Where's the beer tent, then?

(Party sounds and drums.)

HEX: Cheers, Ori.

ORI: Health to you, and painful bowel diseases to your enemies.

HEX: Hey, you should have this Festival more often. It's all right.

ORI: Ah, once this Festival took place yearly, Hox. People came from Ir and Ri, and the ocean cities of Deep Tuin, to the mountain folk of High Tuin.

HEX: So people lived on Tuin once too? Not just you lot and the Ir?

ORI: Tuin was the world that birthed us. Tuin was our mother, and we its children. When dispute came, Tuin was ravaged, and we and the Ir retreated to our Moons. But still we fight for our murdered mother. Still, Hox, we fight!

HEX: Er, calm down Ori. I was just asking. Hey, and stop calling me Hox. It's Hex.

(ORI laughs.)

HEX: Sorry, did I say something funny?

ORI: No, it's just your name.

HEX: And what's wrong with my name?

ORI: Hex. It means something else in my tongue.

HEX: Oh yeah? Like what?

ORI: I shall draw a picture of one in this pool of ale.

HEX: Oh. Oh, fair enough. Yeah, don't call me Hex.

ORI: Never mind, little Hox. Down in one. Three, two, one!

ACE: Hex seems to be well in with that Ori.

DOCTOR: The Ri are people of their word.

ACE: What about the other lot, the Ir?  
DOCTOR: So long as the Festival is on, nobody can lay a finger on anyone else.  
ACE: Are you sure?  
DOCTOR: Ace, this Festival is so old, keeping the peace is virtually encoded in their DNA.  
ACE: You seem to know a lot about this place, Doctor.  
DOCTOR: Yes, well, one makes a study of these things.  
ACE: More than a study. What was that you said back there about ending the war?  
DOCTOR: Hmm.  
ACE: Doctor? What are you up to?  
ORI: Let us drink more ale.  
HEX: Good idea! No, no, it's my round. Oh, hang on. Doctor? Doctor, what do we do about dosh?  
DOCTOR: I take it the beer is recommending itself to you?  
HEX: Hey, it's the business. I am rockin'!  
ACE: You sure about that?  
HEX: Give it a minute. It's kickin' in. I'll be well on me way in no time!  
DOCTOR: I doubt it, Hex. Since the war, all Tuinese beer has been strictly alcohol free.  
HEX: What?  
DOCTOR: There's a war on, you know. Now, Ori?  
ORI: Doctor.  
DOCTOR: I need your help.  
ORI: Anything. I shall burn your likeness into my fur. I shall put my fingers into the mouth of a Tooth fish. I...  
DOCTOR: I'll bear that in mind, but for now, I just want to meet a priest.  
ORI: A priest? You wish to honour the traditions of the Ri?  
DOCTOR: Well, partly. But mostly, I want to do what I came here to do.  
HEX: Which is what?  
DOCTOR: Which is to end this war. It's gone on far too long.  
ORI: End the war, Doctor? End millennia of conflict, you?  
DOCTOR: Yes, me.  
ACE: And how are you going to do that?  
DOCTOR: Oh, that's easy. I'm going to get married.

## [Part Two]

ACE: You're going to what?  
HEX: Anyone we know, Doctor?  
ORI: Doctor, you insult me.  
DOCTOR: You have no cause to be insulted.  
ORI: You offend the ancient ways.  
ACE: I don't get it. I thought you wanted to end the war, not get married.  
DOCTOR: The only way to end the war *is* to get married. That's right, isn't it, Ori?  
ORI: I er, I don't know what you're talking about.  
HEX: You're not the only one, mate. I thought I'd come out on the inter-planetary lash. Now, I don't know where I am.  
DOCTOR: Hex, you've got an excuse. Ori here is dissembling.  
ORI: I am Ori of the Ri. Lies are alien to us. We speak only truth.  
(Whoosh.)  
ACE: Oh no, not you again.  
IRIT: Why? This is the Ir's festival too.  
ORI: Ir scum.  
IRIT: You choose your friends unwisely. I, Irit of the Ir, I say it is truth that is alien to the Ri.  
HEX: Hey. Was he eavesdropping?  
ORI: Yes, that's the Ir way. Sly, sly, and devious, and in need of a smiting.  
HEX: Hey, hey, big fella. Festival, remember?  
ACE: I don't get it, Doctor. How did you know Ori was lying?  
IRIT: Because he speaks from the mouth of the Ri.  
DOCTOR: That's enough. The truth is plain to see, isn't it?  
HEX: Er...  
DOCTOR: Graves as far as the horizon? Don't say you didn't notice.  
HEX: Well, yeah. We all saw the graves.  
DOCTOR: Ir and Ri graves, all together. The dead of both sides, buried top to toe.  
ACE: Yeah.  
DOCTOR: I've seen a lot of wars. A lot of ghastrly, awful wars.  
ACE: But have you ever seen one where both sides placed their dead in the very same batch of land?

DOCTOR: All of them buried in vast concentric circles orbiting that pillar.

ACE: It's not a war memorial, is it?

HEX: Then what is it?

DOCTOR: I read the murals on the pillar, and I learned that for all Ori's huff and all Irit's puff, their peoples have one thing in common.

ORI + IRIT: Never!

DOCTOR: Oh, they share a common home fold and a common hatred.

HEX: That's two things.

ACE: Shut up, Hex.

DOCTOR: All right, they share a third thing. They share the same belief system.

ORI: The faith of the Ir is not the true faith.

IRIT: (simultaneous) The faith of the Ri is not the true faith.

DOCTOR: Oh, after ten millennia, the odd bits of doctrine will have diverged here and there.

ACE: Mostly things to do with hair?

DOCTOR: Beliefs half as old would have splintered a hundredfold in the same time frame. Two mortal enemies at war for thousands of years, but they share the same God.

HEX: That's weird, that is. I mean, there's people in my street back at home not talking because one of them eats something different one day of the week. But this lot have been scrapping forever, and technically, they can still go to church together?

DOCTOR: Exactly. They can still go to church together, and on one day, one vitally important day that only occurs once every few centuries, that's exactly what they do.

ACE: The pillar, then? Is that the church you're talking about?

DOCTOR: The pillar is just part of the church, Ace, a very small part. No, you're standing in the church. Or rather, on it. The church...

HEX:... Is Tuin.

ORI: Tuin. Our home.

IRIT: Tuin. Rent asunder by war for so long that even our foulest enemies agreed that enough was enough.

ORI: It is a sacred place now.

IRIT: And none shall fight here.

ACE: But you *were* fighting here.

ORI + IRIT: Not all the time.

DOCTOR: So, both sides got together and said, Tuin is a holy place that none shall defile. But not all the time. Well, you can't have a sacred place and have a war in it, can you?

HEX: Well, they have bank holidays off.

ACE: That's what the festival is. The only time the Ir and Ri can't fight. I got that bit.

DOCTOR: It's slightly more than that. This is the only time that the Ir and Ri can make peace.

ORI: Never. I shall die with my hands around the throat of an Ir.

IRIT: Pah. If it were me, I should spit in your face.

DOCTOR: But the war *can* be stopped, Ace. Hex, help me up on the table. I've an announcement to make.

ORI: No!

IRIT: You must not.

DOCTOR: On the contrary, I must. (shouts) Hear me! Ir and Ri, hear me! Hear my words. In the name of the unity of Tuin I offer myself as suitor.

(Crowd gasps.)

ACE: Oh Doctor, I hope you know what you're doing.

IR: I say, let him do it.

DOCTOR [OC]: Hear me, Ir and Ri. (echoes) Hear me! Hear my words. In the name of the unity of Tuin I offer myself as suitor. Suitor. Suitor. I offer myself as suitor.

TUIN: I hear. I hear his words. He comes. The Dark Husband comes.

ORI: You are not one of our people.

IRIT: You cannot.

ACE: They've got a point, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Oh, but they're wrong. The Unity of Tuin is not restricted to the peoples of one world. In fact, if I read the pillar correctly, the articles of the Common Faith specifically urges its priests to explore and convert the heathen.

HEX: And you're most certainly the heathen.

DOCTOR: Quite, Hex.

IRIT: This is unacceptable. It is a Ri trick. The Ir utterly condemn and denounce the impostor, and were we allowed to, we would disembowel him without mercy.

ORI: Aye, and we'd join you.

IRIT: You would not.

ORI: Fair enough.

DOCTOR: But you can't. You can't do anything. You know the rules, and you know you must abide by them. I have announced myself as suitor, and I insist you begin the preparations now.

IRIT: Why...

ORI: Wait!

IRIT: He is... correct. The suitor has declared himself. We have no choice but to accede to the articles of law.

ORI: Take him. Hoist him.

IRIT: Take him to the House of Faith.

TUIN: Can it be? He comes, he comes. My Bards, awake. The husband comes.

BARD 1: (male) Ten thousand years awaitment.

BARD 2: (female) Or five score by one hundred.

BARDS: He comes. He comes. The Husband comes.

TUIN: The Dark Husband. (laughs)

HEX: Hello? Hello? Cor. Joss-sticks.

ACE: Hey, look at this.

(Gong.)

HEX: Hey! Are you asking for trouble or what?

ACE: No point in providing a gong if you don't want someone to whack it.

(Gong hit again.)

ACE: Shop!

HEX: The Doctor, married? What's going on, Ace?

ACE: I don't know, but he's really going for it.

HEX: And what does it mean, suitor? How does getting married end the war?

ACE: Maybe it's like an alliance or something.

HEX: Yeah, but who with? Hey, and what about us? Will we have to move out of the Tardis when the Missus moves in?

ACE: Don't be stupid. The Doctor's bound to have a plan. I mean... he's bound to, isn't he?

(Grinding sounds.)

ACE: Doctor.

HEX: Hey, nice gear. Black suits ya.

DOCTOR: What was that about the Tardis, Hex?

ACE: Oh, nothing.

DOCTOR: I think there's been some confusion. When I nominated myself suitor I didn't mean it in the literal sense. I'm not going to be standing outside Ori's house with a bunch of flowers.

ACE: We didn't actually think that.

HEX: Ori's a bloke anyway.

DOCTOR: No she isn't.

HEX: Eh?

ACE: So, you're not literally getting married?

DOCTOR: Ah.

ACE: You are.

HEX: You're getting married?

ACE: Literally.

DOCTOR: Yes.

HEX: To a lady?

DOCTOR: The cultural norms on Tuin are gender-divided, so yes, I presume I'm getting married to a lady.

ACE: I don't believe this.

DOCTOR: It's really quite simple. You see, it's the only way to stop the war.

HEX: Yeah, you said that, but...

DOCTOR: They're coming for me. Both of you, please. You have to trust me.

ACE: Doctor.

DOCTOR: Ori and Irit. Hello.

IRIT: I am Irit of the Ir.

ORI: And I am Ori of the Ri!

IRIT: As the first members of our respective peoples to have made contact with the heathen...

ORI: With the suitor.

IRIT: Yes, suitor. We're bound by the Common Faith to act as representatives of each of our Moons.

HEX: Two best men, right?

ACE: Hex was hoping you'd ask him, Doctor.

ORI: Until the hour of the wedding, we shall protect the suitor against all foes.

IRIT: There is only one foe here.

ORI: Silence, bald Irit scum.

IRIT: Do not call me bald, you comb's nightmare.

DOCTOR: Please. Please finish your... thing you were saying.

IRIT: And... And to instruct his companions in the relevant rituals of the Common Faith.

ACE: What?

DOCTOR: Oh yes. You are to be my companions.

HEX: I hope this means we just get to hang around and look cool.

ORI: I will take one of you, and the... Ir will take the other, and we will prepare you in the ways of our peoples, so you... so you...

IRIT: So you don't ruin the most important ceremony in the history of our planet through your own ignorance.

ACE: Oh, cheers.

HEX: Oh, come on, Doctor. I'm not going back to Sunday School, not even for you.

DOCTOR: No. Ace, you go with the... Who's Ace going with?

IRIT: I shall take care of her. Come heathen, and learn the ways of the Ir. Garmenting, garlanding and fasting.

ACE: T'rrific.

IRIT: The Ir side of the ritual is aesthetic and pure.

HEX: I haven't got to do any of that, have I? Ori? Mate?

ORI: The Ri respect the Common Faith, but we also like beer. And now wedding is announced, we can get out the good stuff.

HEX: All right!

ACE: Doctor!

DOCTOR: It's nothing too unpleasant, Ace. These people, this planet, deserves an end to this stupid mess. Thousands of years of conflict all based on some moment of pig-headedness.

ACE: Yeah, they're not the only pig-headed ones round here.

DOCTOR: It's just a ritual.

ACE: But how does it end the war?

DOCTOR: (sotto) That's what I intend to find out.

ACE: (sotto) You mean you don't know? But what...?

IRIT: Come, supplicant. You will stay in our craft.

ACE: I'm not a flaming supplicant. (sighs) All right, I'm coming.

DOCTOR: That's the spirit, Ace.

HEX: Don't fast too hard. See you then, Doctor. Ori and me have some religious education to be getting on with.

DOCTOR: So I think have I.

ORI: The suitor must spend some time in the Cellar of Lonely Contemplation.

HEX: How much time?

DOCTOR: I'll know when I've contemplated long enough, apparently.

(Shuttle clunking back and forth across a loom.)

IRIT: Companion Ace, you must weave, weave.

ACE: One, I don't know how to porking weave, and two, I don't want to porking weave. What happened to the religious education?

IRIT: This is religious education. By weaving, you learn how the world was woven.

ACE: Yeah. Worlds aren't woven, Irit.

IRIT: If they are not woven from the glitter of stars, from the thread of comets, from the warp and weft of supernovae, how are they made?

ACE: Oh well, when you put it like that... Hey, can I ask a question?

IRIT: A religious one, yes.

ACE: What exactly happens when this wedding takes place?

IRIT: It is a wonderful thing.

ACE: Yes. And...?

IRIT: Ah... ah well... er... I, I, I don't exactly know. You see, this event...

ACE: The wedding, yeah?

IRIT: It has never been performed.

ACE: In your lifetime, you mean?

IRIT: In anyone's lifetime. To be honest, we're not really sure what it's for.

ACE: Right. (sighs) One more thing. Who's he marrying?

IRIT: Excuse me?

ACE: The Doctor. Who's he marrying?

IRIT: Oh, that's easy. The Wife.

ACE: Well, who else would he be marrying?

IRIT: No. No, no, no, no. The Wife. The Shining Wife.

ACE: Oh. And who or what is the Shining Wife?  
IRIT: Ah. Now, that is an entirely different question.

HEX: What do you mean, it's a different question? Ori?  
ORI: What I say, Hox, when you ask, who will the Doctor marry, the answer is the Wife, simple. But when you ask, who is the Wife...  
HEX: The Shining Wife?  
ORI: The Shining Wife. You ask not a simple question, but something that is at the heart of our faith.  
HEX: Your shared faith.  
ORI: Stop mentioning that. It's very poor manners.  
HEX: Yeah, and so is mopping up beer with your fur.  
ORI: The identity of the Shining Wife is one of the most obscure mysteries of our religion. What does she represent? How can a mere mortal marry such a figure?  
HEX: Any ideas?  
ORI: Huh. (laughs) We are the Ri. We do not go in for ideas. We like fighting and drinking and food. And the Ir, all their posturing and weaving, do not know either. No, the truth is no longer held in the minds of the people of the twin moons of Tuin.  
HEX: It's going to be an interesting do then, eh? With nobody knowing anything.  
ORI: Your friend the Doctor seems to think he knows something.  
HEX: You think? Fifteen minutes in the Cellar of Lonely Contemplation? He'll be climbing the walls by now.

DOCTOR: Ah! No secret passages in the walls, then. Hmm. What's it for, this lonely contemplation? I said, what's it for! Unless this whole cellar is a convenient place to dump me while I'm being watched? Is that it? Watched? Probed? Surveyed from afar? Show yourself!

TUIN: He is intelligent.  
BARD 1: Cleverer than seventy four score Ir.  
BARD 2: With a thinking brain so sharp and clear.  
TUIN: Be quiet.

DOCTOR: Well, if you're not going to talk to me, I'm going to talk at you. Now, about this manual I've been handed. Instructions for a husband of Tuin in the ways and wherefores of the marriage ritual. You do realise half the pages are missing? And the half that remain, well, they don't make much sense at all, so far as I can make out. Eh? Ah, yes. The suitor. Which would be me. Demands that the wedding ceremony take place. Well, I've done that. I learned that much from the pillar. Then it says, he endures a period of lonely contemplation before he takes the hand of the Shining Wife. Whomsoever she might be. And then he becomes the Dark Husband.

ACE: The Dark Husband?  
IRIT: The Dark Husband. That is the name the suitor takes at the wedding of Tuin.  
ACE: Sounds a bit gloomy.  
IRIT: Gloomy? The fate of two Moons hang in the balance.  
ACE: I still don't see how.  
IRIT: Is it not obvious?  
ACE: No, that's why I said, I still don't see how.  
IRIT: Think, child. Two moons?

ORI: Two partners. Ir and Ri. Bride and groom.  
HEX: But I still don't get it. Are you saying that Ir is like the groom's family, and Ri are the bride's? Cos that would be a heck of a punch-up if there's was too much booze at the wedding.  
ORI: It is simple. Each partner represents one of the two moons. Ir and Ri. A bride and groom. Groom and bride. Shining Wife, and Dark Husband.  
HEX: Sort of taking sides, then? So which one is the Doctor?

DOCTOR: So, I'm the Dark Husband, am I? Well. I could hardly be the Shining Wife. Not in this regeneration at least. Now then. Only through the union of the Dark Husband - me - and the Shining Wife can the unity of Tuin be created. Meaning I presume that everyone gets together, sees they're all the same and ends this stupid war. Am I correct? I said, am I correct?

BARDS: Blasphemy! Blasphemy!  
TUIN: Correct him, my Bards, as he requests. Detract.

DOCTOR: Well now, hello. Detractor beam, I take it? But where exactly did you two detract from?

BARD 1: Who has summoned the Bards of Tuin?  
DOCTOR: You're made of stone. Very old warm stone. Interesting.  
BARD 2: Who has summoned the Bards of Tuin? Press One for Student, Two for Academic, Three for Tourist, and Four to go back to the start.  
DOCTOR: Well, I might be all three. Press where?  
BARD 1: Press One for Student, Two for Academic, Three for Tourist...  
DOCTOR: No. I see it now. On your forehead. Student, I think. Does it hurt, rotating your head like that?  
BARDS: We are the Bards of Tuin.  
BARD 2: We are the recorded souls and memories of the great verse men of Tuin's history.  
BARD 1: In us are stored the chronicles and law of the people of Tuin.  
BARD 2: To skip introduction, press One.  
DOCTOR: Ah! You're some kind of data store, and you must be a back-up disc, yes?  
BARD 1: Ask us what you will, o Student.  
DOCTOR: I shall. Tell me, o Bards, about the wedding of Tuin.  
BARD 2: We Bards shall sing to you.  
BARD 1: The Wedding Song of Tuin.  
DOCTOR: If you feel you must.  
BARDS: ♪ For ninety hundred years as Tuin spread its wings, Tuin's priests determined this, to protect her people near and far. Fame should they fall from Tuin's ways, and so great council met...  
DOCTOR: There's no fast forward, I suppose?  
BARDS: ♪ Five hundred knights of Tuin gathered yon, and each then gave their name. Cleb, Urctus and Melmahay, Jinto, Danto, Renco, Blass...  
DOCTOR: Not all five hundred. I mean, couldn't you just skip forward a bit?

HEX: I don't know, Ori, it's confusing the pants off me. And you don't seem too clear either.  
ORI: It is a rare and sacred thing, the wedding of Tuin, and you should be privileged to witness it.  
HEX: Well, it's something to tell people, isn't it? It beats your average registry office do.  
ORI: And now... my Vigil of Decoy is over. Time for me to go.  
HEX: Well - Vigil of Decoy? You what?  
ORI: You'll find out. Hox. You may not follow me.  
HEX: You must be joking. If this is something to do with the wedding...  
ORI: No! Friend you may be, but friends may still suffer the death of the 101 new-born Bergils.  
HEX: Bergils?  
ORI: It's like... imagine a... Well, anyway, they've got teeth and a sort of... Oh, never mind.  
HEX: Ori? Ori? Wait!

ACE: What do you mean, decoy? What's going on?  
IRIT: It is part of the ceremony, and it is none of your concern.  
ACE: Course it's my concern! And whatever it is, it's got to be more interesting than weaving.  
IRIT: Ir Command. Detract companion Ace.  
ACE: Oh no you don't...!

BARDS: ♪ And knights they were two score and seventeen came forth from...  
(DOCTOR speaks over their singing.)  
DOCTOR: Fast forward. Of course. Sorry about this. Your necks might ache a bit.  
(Stone scraping.)  
BARDS: ♪ The purple and the...  
DOCTOR: And this. Continue, Bards.  
BARDS: ♪ For purpose so has the Wedding of Tuin, and purpose grand design.  
DOCTOR: That's more like it.  
BARDS: ♪ And this is all the purpose be...

TUIN: No. That is enough. I have changed my mind. Retract. Retract the Bards.

DOCTOR: No, no, no! Don't you dare retract. Just as it's getting interesting. Gone. I suppose you think that's funny! I said, I suppose you think that's funny.  
(Door opens.)  
DOCTOR: Ori. Irit. Have you seen those Bards? They just popped out of nowhere. Fantastically useful folklore source, if a fraction opaque in the telling. Ori, Irit. No-one said anything about shooting the groom.  
Ah! (thud)  
IRIT: The Vigil of Decoy has ended.  
ORI: Yay! Verily! And... all that.

ACE: Oi, mush. Yeah, you with the go faster stripes. Gonna let me through or what?  
HEX: Ace! Ace!  
ACE: Hex? Over here!  
HEX: I can't get to ya. There's too many people.  
ACE: What's going on? Where's your girlfriend?  
HEX: She's not... Are you winding me up?  
ACE: Would I?  
HEX: Yes.  
ACE: So?  
HEX: Disappeared.  
ACE: Hmph!  
HEX: Vigil of Decoy, she said.  
ACE: That's funny. That's just what Irit... Hey, is that a black eye?  
HEX: She went off and left me with the tab. The bartender wouldn't take plastic, so...  
ACE: You're so funny. Poor little Hex.  
HEX: Yeah well, when I see her again, I'm going to give her a piece of my mind.  
ORI: What was that, Hox?  
HEX: Ori. You're back.  
ORI: Poor little Hox, I'm so sorry.  
ACE: You want to get a steak on that.  
ORI: What did she say?  
HEX: Doesn't matter.  
ORI: You want to get a steak on that. I shall see to it later. But first... Clear the way! Clear away, scum! For I am Senior Infantry Fighter Ori, Second Corps of Those Prepared For Death, Third Battalion Carrion of Tomorrow Regiment. And I eat Ir like you for breakfast! There. We can see now.  
ACE: That's not all she'll be eating for breakfast, Hox.  
HEX: Oh, give over. What are you here to see, Ori?  
ORI: This is an important time. The Moment of Devotion approaches.  
HEX: Ah. I thought a band was coming on stage.  
ACE: Five million years from Earth, I bet the Stones are still going.  
ORI: We have our suitor. Your friend, the Doctor.  
HEX: The Dark Husband, yeah.  
ORI: Ah, so you were paying attention. Now, we require a bride.  
ACE: The Shining Wife.  
ORI: So begins the process of finding her.  
HEX: And how do you go about that?  
ACE: He means, do you have an actual method for finding her? Or is it, you know, random?  
ORI: The records of our people are very clear on this matter.  
HEX: That makes a change.  
ORI: The choosing of the Shining Wife is one of the most solemn events referred to in the Books of the Common Faith. While it has never been performed in living memory...  
ACE: If at all.  
ORI: It is a ritual whose details must be followed to the letter.  
HEX: Yeah, but what details?  
(Microphone feedback.)  
ORI: Quiet. The choosing is about to begin.  
IRIT [PA]: Hello. Er - testing , testing. Hello. Ahem. People of Tuin, once past, now present, always future.  
HEX: Hey, it's Irit.  
ACE: Do Ruby Tuesday!  
IRIT [PA]: Huh? Oh, sorry? Oh well. Er, a suitor has advanced at this, the Festival of the Twin Moons.  
(Cheering.)  
IRIT [PA]: And thus begins the wedding of Tuin. The ceremony that defines us, that forces Ir and Ri to unite. (mutters something) To unite and become congregation for the wedding. And so, with the suitor self-elected, and congregation gathered, all that remains is to find the bride.  
CROWD: Find the bride!  
HEX: Call and response. They're going to get the lighters out any minute!  
ACE: Shh!  
IRIT [PA]: Find the Shining Wife, she who is brave, she who is without terror, she who will save the Dark Husband.  
(Cheering. The Doctor speaks through a gag.)  
ACE: But that's the Doctor. What was he saying?  
CROWD: Burn him. Burn him.  
HEX: Ori?

ORI: Shush! This is the good bit.  
ACE: What's that they're shouting?  
CROWD: Burn the Husband. Burn him!  
HEX: I do not like the sound of this.  
IRIT [PA]: Bind him to the Stake of Decision.  
ACE: Out of my way, please.  
IRIT [PA]: What's that, Husband? What's at stake here is you!  
(Fire ignites.)  
IRIT [PA]: The garb of fire surrounds the Dark Husband.  
DOCTOR: (muffled) Please! Let me be!  
ACE: Hex, they're going to burn him alive!  
HEX: This isn't a wedding. Oh my God, it's a sacrifice. Stop it! Stop it now!

### [Part Three]

(The chant continues, then changes:)  
CROWD: One can save him.  
IRIT [PA]: One can save him.  
CROWD: One can save him.  
HEX: We've got to do something.  
ORI: Oh no, you don't, Hox.  
HEX: Get off me, Ori!  
ORI: Man shall not move. Companion Ace, you may restore life if you wish.  
IRIT [PA]: One can save him.  
CROWD: One can save him.  
HEX: Ori!  
ACE: Great blond pillock...  
IRIT [PA]: One can save him.  
CROWD: One can save him.  
ACE: Help me up.  
HEX: You go, girl. Surf that crowd.  
IRIT [PA]: One shall save him.  
CROWD: Save him, save him, save him...  
IRIT [PA]: Carry her. Carry her across.  
ACE: It's all right, Doctor! I'm coming.  
DOCTOR: (muffled) Ace, no! Stop!  
IRIT: Quiet, Husband. One shall save him.  
ACE: Doctor! Doctor, hold on!  
DOCTOR: (muffled) Ace! Ace, it's all right!  
ACE: Do you think I'm going to let you do your Joan Of Arc impression? How...?  
IRIT: Take this axe, companion Ace.  
ACE: Cheers. Nutter.  
(ACE yells, DOCTOR yells to her as though gagged, axe cutting ropes.)  
ACE: Hang on. It's cold. The fire. It's cold.  
IRIT: One has saved him.  
(Cheers.)  
ACE: It's all right, Doctor. I've got you. The fire's cold. It's all a trick.  
IRIT: Behold the Wife.  
CROWD: The Shining Wife.  
ACE: Do what?  
DOCTOR: (mumbling) I said... (normal) Ace, you idiot.  
IRIT: Behold. Behold the Shining Wife.  
ACE: Oh, that's another fine mess I've gotten myself into.

(Door closes.)  
ACE : Well, how was I supposed to know it was all a trick?  
DOCTOR: You played right into their hands.  
HEX: Oh, come on, Doctor. Ace wasn't to know. Everyone there believed it was real. I mean, cold fire. How do they do that?  
DOCTOR: Oh, it's the most basic of chemical illusions.  
ACE: It was a trap, wasn't it? That's what all the Vigil of Decoy bit was about.  
HEX: Oh, they didn't want one of their lot being the Shining Wife or whatever it is, so they let Ace step in.  
THE DOCTOR: Absolutely. Let the newcomers do the dirty work. We're expendable.

ACE: Except the cold fire wouldn't have hurt anyone.  
DOCTOR: Which means...?  
HEX: Er...  
ACE: The nasty part is yet to come.  
DOCTOR: Precisely.  
HEX: What nasty part?  
DOCTOR: That is the question.  
(Gong sounds.)  
IRIT: Silence! The ritual is complete. The choice has been made.  
HEX: Knock it off. No one here is in the mood.  
ORI: The brave one has revealed herself. She who stands above all her kind. In her decision, she makes her choice.  
ACE: Choice? I didn't make a choice. I just did what I had to do.  
IRIT: Fitting words, for modesty becomes a wife.  
ACE: But I don't want to *be* the Shining Wife.  
ORI: Mark of the Shining Wife is bravery.  
IRIT: The rituals are very clear.  
ACE: I'm not brave, and I won't be anyone's wife.  
DOCTOR: Not even to end ten thousand years of war, death and pain?  
ACE: We can do that by going through one ritual?  
HEX: You're crazy, both of ya. You've no idea what's coming next.  
IRIT: Enough. The final night beckons.  
HEX: Here we go. I've seen what happens on a normal stag night. I can't imagine what they do here.  
ORI: The final night!  
HEX: You'd better watch it, Doctor, if you don't want to end up chained to a lamp post in your Y-fronts.  
ACE: (sighs) Oh, Hex.  
HEX: In Boulogne. That's all I'm saying.  
DOCTOR: And what happens on this final night?  
IRIT: Both Ir and Ri must pass the night with the Dark Husband, by the Campfire of Thwarted Regret.  
ORI: Keeping watch and telling stories.  
HEX: Hey, I know some stories. There was this fella...  
DOCTOR: Oh dear.  
IRIT: No. The Husband must come with us. Alone.  
DOCTOR: Oh!  
HEX: Hey, put him down, Ori!  
ORI: Do not try to follow us, little Hox, or...  
HEX: What? The Bergils again?  
ORI: Yes. And that make me... sad.  
ACE: Well - what are we supposed to do till the morning?  
DOCTOR: (receding) Read the Manual of Instruction.  
ACE: Where?  
DOCTOR: On the lectern. There's more to this than meets the eye.  
IRIT: Come.  
(Door closes.)  
ACE: Bergils?  
HEX: Don't ask. So, you marrying the Doctor? Wow.  
ACE: It's just a ritual, Hex. It doesn't mean anything. I want to have a look at this manual.  
HEX: Oh. It doesn't mean anything. You and him go back a long way, don't you?  
ACE: And?  
HEX: And you get on, you know, pretty well. Well, you're sort of... close.  
ACE: Hex! We're hours from ending thousands of years of war and you want to know if... Oh. I mean, honestly.  
HEX: Oh! It's all right for you. You're the Shining Wife. He's the Dark Husband, so what am I, eh? The spare part at the wedding?  
ACE: Well, I'll tell you what. According to the rituals...  
HEX: Yeah, yeah, the rituals.  
ACE: Shut up. According to the rituals, the Shining Wife can ask someone to give her away.  
HEX: What? Like her dad?  
ACE: No. A friend. Someone close to her. Someone deep in her affections? Someone she can turn to.  
HEX: I suppose Ori's all right. A bit hairy, but...  
ACE: No, you fool, I mean you. I want *you* to give me away.  
HEX: I know.  
ACE: And?

HEX: Yeah, okay. No big deal. Are you bored now?

ACE: This Bergils business.

HEX: Yeah?

ACE: Can't be anything so bad, can it?

IRIT: Ah. A nice warm fire. I hope the flames do not distress you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I find your sense of humour much more distressing, Irit.

IRIT: We have little time for humour in time of war, Doctor.

ORI: Ha! Ir were born without a humour gene. They can no more laugh than I can have a bald backside.

DOCTOR: It's going to be a long night.

ORI: Ale! Ale!

DOCTOR: I'll be Mother.

IRIT: The time to tell the stories of old Tuin has come.

ORI: Heed the ballads of the Bards of Tuin.

DOCTOR: Oh, are they coming?

IRIT: Not the actual Bards of Tuin, obviously.

ORI: They are long gone, dead these five score thousand years.

DOCTOR: Is that a fact. Your ale, Ori.

ORI: Foamy! Ah.

DOCTOR: And yours, Irit. It's all head, I'm afraid.

IRIT: Much like the Ir. Ah.

DOCTOR: Good health, gentlemen. So, if the ancient Bards can't make it, who's telling the tales?

ORI: I shall, for Ri.

IRIT: And I, for Ir.

DOCTOR: All right.

ORI: Full five score thousand years ago, come Bards of old.

DOCTOR: Oh dear.

IRIT: I know. Listen to that accent. So coarse.

ORI: Can you do better, shiny-backed scum of Ir?

DOCTOR: Ori, friend, time is short, and there are no doubt many tales to tell.

ORI: Oh yes.

DOCTOR: So how about getting to the heart of the matter?

IRIT: Please.

ORI: Oh. Ah, suppose.

DOCTOR: Do your people have any stories on how this wedding came to be?

ORI: Oh yes, hundreds. Rhymes and songs and fables.

DOCTOR: Something short, that doesn't rhyme.

ORI: Oh well, there is one, but it's a tale for children.

DOCTOR: I'm all ears. Drink up, Irit.

ORI: Hear then, my story. Ah. The Story of the Planet and the Wanderer.

DOCTOR: Go on.

ORI: The story goes like this. Once upon a time...

IRIT: Ha.

ORI:... there was a Wanderer. Man was he not, nor woman, but only... Wanderer. And the Wanderer came to a barren world and entered it, and the world was no longer barren.

IRIT: I hate it already.

DOCTOR: I'm enjoying it. Who was this Wanderer?

ORI: And the Wanderer named the world, and the name was Tuin. And the world named the Wanderer, and the name was Ri-Ir.

IRIT: Rubbish. The name was Ir-Ri.

DOCTOR: Does it matter?

ORI + IRIT: Yes!

ORI: The Wanderer became estranged from the planet. The Wanderer longed to wander again, yet also the Wanderer longed to be with Tuin. And the soul of the Wanderer was divided and stretched and cut, until it became...

IRIT: Two souls. We have this story too. A superior telling.

DOCTOR: Naturally. Drink up.

ORI: And those souls being divided, were not able to wander, nor stay with the planet. They became...

DOCTOR: Ir and Ri. The moons. Trapped in near-space, unable to leave Tuin's orbit, or to return.

IRIT: A story for children, and you got it wrong.

ORI: I did not.

DOCTOR: So how did your people tell it?

IRIT: In our version, Ir and Ri are the children of the Wanderer, not the Wanderer's spirit. And they are not

poor orphans floating in the sky. They are outcasts because they killed their parents.

DOCTOR: Extraordinary.

IRIT: Yes. And so they were hanged, hanged in the sky. Guilty of killing Mother Tuin, and Father Ir-Ri. Or it's Ri-Ir, if you're a fool.

ORI: Stories, just stories. Let us have meat, and more... more strong ale. More... very strong ale... ale.

IRIT: It is very strong.

(Thud..)

ORI: (very drunk) Her grace Ir jessie. One sniff of the barmaids apron... heads... eh... Cor.

(Thud.)

DOCTOR: I do apologise, gentlemen. I heard that. It's perfectly safe. You can come out now.

HEX: I thought it was bad luck to see the bride the night before the wedding.

ACE: Hex, knock it off.

HEX: I've got to admit, Doctor, I am well-impressed. I mean, I didn't expect Irit to hold his beer, but drinking Ori under the table? Wow.

DOCTOR: I didn't touch a drop.

ACE: I get it. Our old friend Mickey Finn.

HEX: Where?

DOCTOR: I nabbed a number of interesting toadstools as we passed by. The ones with white spots are noted throughout this part of the galaxy for their soporific effect upon ingestion.

ACE: So you dropped some in the beer. Smart thinking, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I flatter myself. Now, the night is young, and we are free.

HEX: Oh, we're not gonna... you know, leg it back to the Tardis ?

DOCTOR + ACE: No!

HEX: Just checking.

DOCTOR: I want to take another look at that pillar.

TUIN: What is this?

BARD 1: The Husband absconds. He is a slippery one.

BARD 2: On the night all devoted to beer and to fun.

TUIN: Quiet. This Ir and this Ri. Must the best of their people be so easily gulled? I shall send them a sign. A sign of my rage.

BARDS: Oh there was rum, oh there was fire, when the Ir and the Ri fell asleep by the fire.

TUIN: Oh, do be quiet.

(Thunder.)

HEX: Great. Now we're gonna get soaked.

ACE: What is it with this pillar, Doctor?

HEX: If there were speech bubbles on that mural, it'd all be much clearer.

DOCTOR: It's not the mural, it's the pillar itself. Ten thousand years it's been here, ten thousand years on a war-ravaged world, and what do you see?

ACE: Yeah. It's in pretty good nick.

DOCTOR: It's untouched. There's not even graffiti.

ACE: So, there's no scallies in the future.

HEX: Oi! Hey, is it just me or is it, you know, tingling?

DOCTOR: Get back.

(Lightning.)

HEX: It's all right. Rubber soles.

(Rain falls.)

HEX: Told you.

ACE: Doctor? How did you know the pillar was going to be struck by lightning?

DOCTOR: I don't think it was. I think the lightning came from the pillar itself.

ACE: That sounds like it's important.

DOCTOR: Hmm. Yes. I think it is.

ACE: You know what it is, don't you?

DOCTOR: If I'm right, I've made a terrible mistake.

HEX: Yeah, enough with the foreboding. Is that umbrella just for show?

DOCTOR: Of course not. (umbrella put up)

DOCTOR: That better?

HEX: Better.

ACE: What mistake, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Tonight I was told the story about the creation of this world, and there was something very wrong with it.

HEX: No happy ever after?

DOCTOR: Worse. The story wasn't an attempt to tell the truth at all. It was a clear and obvious lie.

ACE: So? It was made up.

DOCTOR: But myths *aren't* made up. This story was told by the Ri and the Ir, only with two different endings, as if each was tailored to a different audience.

HEX: But stories change, though.

DOCTOR: No they don't. Look at the human story of the flood. Told in different ways by different tribes, but in the essentials and in the moral, always the same. But this story...

ACE: What about it?

DOCTOR: The Ri tell it as a sad fable of love gone wrong. For the Ir, it's ghoulish, a tale of murder.

ACE: Nothing in common, really.

DOCTOR: Just the one thing. The motif of the split self, the divided personality.

ACE: Huh! They like that here, don't they? Dark Husband, Shining Wife, Ri and Ir.

HEX: Yeah. It's, it's all about two sides of the same coin, isn't it?

DOCTOR: Yes, but what coin?

HEX: You've lost me.

DOCTOR: Divided, the Ir and the Ri were once one race, one faith.

ACE: They seem different now but once they were identical?

HEX: Like grown-up twins. You know, one has a feather-cut and one has a crop.

DOCTOR: What did you say?

HEX: One has a feather-cut, and one has...

DOCTOR: Of course. Twins. They should be perfectly united, but they're squabbling like children.

ACE: I blame the parents.

DOCTOR: Exactly. The children.

HEX: The Dark Husband?

ACE: The Shining Wife?

DOCTOR: No, no, no! There's something else. But who, what?

ACE: Er, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Mm? Yes?

HEX: Oh, great. Angry mob with blazing torches. I feel like Frankenstein's Monster.

ORI: Doctor, Ace, and Hox. Surrender to us.

HEX: They woke up quick.

ACE: The rain must have done it. Bad luck, Doctor.

IRIT: Surrender now.

ACE: Or what, Irit?

ORI: Or we'll shoot.

HEX: Ori? No guns during Festival, remember?

(Laser shots fired.)

ACE: Down!

DOCTOR: Ah!

IRIT: You have broken with our ancient tradition.

ORI: But the Doctor must save you, little Hox, or your friends.

ACE: Oh yeah?

ORI: I quite like shooting guns, that's all.

IRIT: You must return with us to the House of Faith. The Husband and Wife must rest before the wedding.

DOCTOR: There isn't going to be any wedding, Irit.

IRIT: Nonsense. So much has happened, so much has been made ready. The wedding must take place.

DOCTOR: No, Irit. (shouts) I've changed my mind.

ACE: Why? Because of those myths and the lightning from the pillar?

DOCTOR: Yes.

HEX: I'm not getting this at all.

DOCTOR: (shouts) I withdraw my offer of marriage. I will not be the Husband.

IRIT: What?

ORI: You cannot.

DOCTOR : I can, and I must. There will be no wedding here!

ACE: But Doctor, I thought the wedding would end the war.

DOCTOR: Not the way I'd hoped it would. This so-called wedding...

HEX: What's wrong with it?

DOCTOR: It's not a wedding. It's a trap.

HEX: And you've just realised that?

DOCTOR: Yes!

ACE: Well, you've certainly picked your moment.

IRIT: Doctor, I beg you. Reconsider.

HEX: I second that. Doctor, the mob are gonna tear us limb from limb if they don't get the wedding.

ORI: Little Hox speak the truth.

HEX: (shouts) He's got the last-minute jitters, that's all. Nothing to see here. Move along.

DOCTOR: I believed when I came here this wedding would bring peace to your peoples and end this war.

IRIT: And now you think that it will not?

DOCTOR: Oh, it will end the war, and it will bring peace, of a kind. But it will also end your people. Both your peoples.

IRIT: Then you leave us but one course of action.

ORI: Must we?

IRIT: It'll be kinder than letting the mob have their way. Get back. Get back, you rabble. Soldier of Ri, give me your gun.

ORI: But this is Festival.

IRIT: There is no more Festival. The Doctor has seen to that. Doctor, I sentence you to death.

ORI: No! I cannot allow it.

IRIT: Silence, enemy, or I'll kill you too.

DOCTOR: There really is no need for this. I

IRIT: Then, do you agree to be the Dark Husband, to complete this marriage and end the endless war?

DOCTOR: Believe me, if I thought the marriage would ensure the survival of your two peoples, I would. But it won't.

IRIT: Then die.

ACE: No!

IRIT: Our of the way, Shining Wife.

ACE: I'm the Wife. You can't kill me. I've done nothing wrong.

IRIT: Your bravery is to be expected, but there is no Husband, and so...

HEX: No! No, you can't, because...

DOCTOR: Hex! You can't do this.

HEX: Oh yes I can. (shouts) Ir and Ri, hear me. Hear my words. In the name of the religious unity of Tuin, and in the name of Common Faith of Ir and Ri, I offer myself as suitor.

(Cheers.)

ORI: Is this allowed?

IRIT: The mob seem to think so.

DOCTOR: Whatever this wedding is, Hex, it will destroy these two races.

HEX: I believe you, Doctor. But they're destroying each other anyway. But you're my friend. I can't stand by and see some slap-head from space shoot you because you don't want to go through with this stupid ceremony, so... so I'll go through with the stupid ceremony.

ACE: Figures.

DOCTOR: Ace?

ACE: He's right, Doctor. We've no other option.

DOCTOR: Ace!

ACE: You started this, remember.

ORI: I'm relieved. I hate to shoot friends.

IRIT: I can't say that it has ever bothered me. Very well. The ceremony is back on. I shall make the necessary changes. In the meantime, bind them.

ACE: Hey!

ORI: Don't want you getting chilled heels again.

ACE: On Earth we say cold feet.

ORI: You do? Our words are better.

HEX: Never mind, Ace. Eh? Who'd have thought? We're getting married in the morning.

ACE: T'riffic.

IRIT: Take them to the House of Faith.

HEX: Hey! What happened to Lonely Contemplation?

ACE: Some hen night this is with you two for company.

HEX: Anyone'd think you didn't want to get hitched.

ACE: I don't.

HEX: You were mad keen when it was the Doctor you were marrying.

ACE: That was different. I thought we were going to end a war, not make things worse.

HEX: Oh, come on, Ace. You'd have done the same if it was the other way round. And so would you, Doctor.

ACE: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Attract.

HEX: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Attract!

HEX: Yep. He's finally flipped.

DOCTOR: You should know better than to make a flip diagnosis, Master Hex. You see, last time I was

incarcerated here I suffered an unexpected visitation.

HEX: Eh?

DOCTOR: Come on! Attract.

ACE: Attract. Something came here by tractor beam.

HEX: Ir or Ri?

DOCTOR: Neither. Bards of Tuin. Happen to have been repositories of ancient knowledge. Don't pretend. I know you can see us.

ACE: Who can see us?

DOCTOR: The person who's fomented ten thousand years of aggression between the Ir and the Ri. The person who's arranged this marriage for their own unfathomable ends.

HEX: Right. He has flipped, you know. I mean, clinically.

DOCTOR: I warn you, whoever you are, I know when I'm being manipulated.

ACE: Takes one to know one.

DOCTOR: Precisely. And I will not be manipulated! So, show yourself! Show yourself!

TUIN: Oh, but you have been, Doctor. And tomorrow, you'll give your companions away. (laughs)

ORI: Wake up! Wake up!

IRIT: The time has come.

HEX: Just five more minutes.

DOCTOR: No more minutes, Hex.

ACE: He could sleep in a tumble-dryer, he could.

ORI: It's your wedding day, little Hox.

HEX: Oh yeah? Ori? Ori, are you all right?

ORI: It's just... (sniffles.)... I always cry at weddings.

IRIT: Bizarre. Follow me, Dark Husband, Shining Wife.

ACE: What, we're getting married like this?

HEX: Yeah, I want my bride to have the full meringue. Not looking like she's been dragged through a hedge backwards.

ORI: You will be garlanded in flowers and ribbons.

ACE: Fine for him, but what about me?

HEX: Oh, ha-ha.

IRIT: We haven't time for that. You shall both be given plain robes.

ORI: Plain robes, for a wedding of Tuin.

HEX: It's okay. I didn't want it formal anyway.

DOCTOR: What about me? I shouldn't like to miss out on the happy occasion.

IRIT: Oh, but you won't. Because if either husband or wife suffers any jitters before the ceremony is over...

ACE + HEX: Yes?

IRIT: Ori here will kill you, Doctor, before their very eyes.

DOCTOR: I see. A shotgun wedding. Lead on.

(Music playing, happy crowd.)

ACE: I don't believe it. That's the Wedding March.

HEX: How come that's playing, you know, here?

DOCTOR: You know it as the Bridal Chorus. Richard Wagner.

ACE: Yeah, but how come it's playing here.

DOCTOR: Wagner has some unusual inspirations.

HEX: Course he did.

DOCTOR: Those Valkyries, scourge of the Innovichi.

ACE: Shut it, you two.

IRIT [PA]: One, two... People of Ir and Ri, we are gathered here today in the shadow of Tuin's mighty pillar to celebrate an event unique in the history of those who once walked on Tuin. An event not free from complication, as you may have heard. (laughter.) An event whose consequences we cannot know, but we must trust the word of the sacred text.

DOCTOR: What's left of them.

ACE: Doctor.

DOCTOR: This whole wedding is like making a nuclear bomb with half the instructions missing!

IRIT [PA]: And trust in the wisdom of those who went before to guide us. Now, let us begin. You, soldier of Ri.

ORI: I come here today not alone, but with the finest of suitors. One who has offered himself freely, with no regard what the future may hold. Step forward, Hox.

DOCTOR + ACE: Hex!

ORI: Oh... yes. Hex.

ORI: Behold the Dark Husband.

(Cheers.)

ORI: Doctor, your turn.

DOCTOR: Oh, very well. I come here today, not alone, but with the bravest of females. A warrior and a wife.  
(sotto) Huh. What twaddle. (normal) And I say to you all on this new day, behold the Shining Wife.

(Cheers.)

ACE: This is too weird.

HEX: You're telling me.

IRIT [PA]: Husband, Wife, step forward. Good. Now. They stand...

(Rumbling.)

HEX: Whoa.

ACE: Got you.

HEX: What's, what is this?

IRIT [PA]: You stand on the Disc of Union. It has lain here waiting thousands of years for this moment, for the Shining Wife and the Dark Husband.

(Cheers.)

DOCTOR: No, no. Ace, Hex, step off the disc.

HEX: It's just a piece of stone, Doctor.

DOCTOR: So was Stonehenge until some idiot found the on switch.

ORI: Doctor, you must respect the ritual or else.

IRIT [PA]: And now that Wife and Husband are here, speak any who deny their union.

DOCTOR: I'm very much against it.

IRIT [PA]: None do speak.

DOCTOR: I said...

IRIT [PA]: And so the ceremony begins.

HEX: Oh, Lor'. We're getting married. You and me, actually getting married.

ACE: It's just a ritual, Hex.

IRIT: See the Disc of Union glows. Tuin approves.

DOCTOR: I was afraid of this.

ACE: Doctor. What's happening?

(Big wibble.)

HEX: Being pulled in.

DOCTOR: Oh no you don't!

ORI: Doctor, no!

(Silence)

ORI: Where did they go, Irit?

IRIT: I er. Er, it is... a miracle.

(Cheers)

(Wibble ends.)

HEX: Ah. I hate that.

ACE: Oh, attracted again. But where to?

DOCTOR: Judging by the length of time in sub-space and the relative gravitational shift of our surroundings...

HEX: We're underground?

ACE: Deep underground.

DOCTOR: In the heart of Tuin itself. Show yourself!

HEX: Or at least turn the lights on!

TUIN: Is this the Dark Husband?

HEX: That's me. Where are ya?

TUIN: Is this the Shining Wife?

ACE: Yeah. Come on, enough theatrics. Where are you?

DOCTOR: All around. It's coming from all around.

HEX: Well, what is it?

DOCTOR: Isn't it obvious?

HEX+ ACE: No.

DOCTOR: It's Tuin. The planet Tuin. It's...

TUIN: Alive.

#### **[Part Four]**

DOCTOR: I thought so. Show yourself.

TUIN: I shall.

(Rumble.)

ACE: Behind you.

TUIN: Better?  
DOCTOR: A rock-face. Very amusing.  
ACE: That face. Doctor, look. It's Irit. He's Irit.  
DOCTOR: And from your angle, Master Hex?  
HEX: I don't see Irit, just... Hey, but it's Ori. See?  
ACE: Not really.  
HEX: Round here. Look, if you squint.  
DOCTOR: It looks like both of them.  
TUIN: Of course I do. I am Tuin. I am their parent.  
DOCTOR: Mother and father of Ri and Ir.  
HEX: But they're people, and this is a planet.  
DOCTOR: Tuin is the soul of the planet, Hex, the spirit.  
ACE: And she or he gave birth to the Ir and the Ri.  
HEX: But it's a rock.  
TUIN: I can show myself in earth and fire, air and water.  
DOCTOR: Elementary.  
HEX: My dear Watson.  
ACE: He never said that, Sherlock Holmes. It's a common misconception.  
HEX: Oh, whatever.  
DOCTOR: As I was saying, it's elementary. A creature of the elements, whose life-forces have polluted all of Tuin. Its blue grasses, its green seas, the creatures that form from the scum of those seas that flapped out onto the broiling mud billions of years ago.  
ACE: And evolved into the Ri and the Ir.  
DOCTOR: The original Tuinese, both Ri and Ir combined.  
TUIN: You are perceptive, Doctor.  
DOCTOR: And what are you, Tuin? What were you once? Above, the Ri and the Ir, they call you a god.  
TUIN: And so I am.  
DOCTOR: Ah, but that's the God Paradox, isn't it? A creator god must himself be created, so who created you?  
HEX: You got him there, Doctor.  
(Rumble.)  
TUIN: You blaspheme.  
DOCTOR: Too easy, Tuin. Too, too easy. I'll tell you what you are.  
TUIN: Bow down. Bow down before me.  
DOCTOR: You're a factory. A life factory. The core of an artificial world around which mass has formed.  
TUIN: You have no proof.  
DOCTOR: Oh yes I have. The pillar.  
TUIN: The pillar?  
DOCTOR: Through which you channel earth and fire, air and water. Through which you manufacture thunder and lightning, through which you created life. It's engineered to it, the pillar. Perfectly engineered. A precision mechanism. It didn't evolve, it didn't grow. Face it, Tuin.  
ACE: You're a fake.

ORI: The earth convulses.  
IRIT: The marriage ceremony has begun.  
ORI: Praise be to Tuin. The wedding will bring peace to all and an end to war. Ours will be a golden age.  
IRIT: Yes. Yes, but have you considered, Ori dullard...  
ORI: Yes.  
IRIT: If, when the prophecy comes true, and this war, this ancient war ends.  
ORI: Yes.  
IRIT: What are we going to do?  
ORI: Er.

DOCTOR: Are you done, Tuin?  
HEX: Yeah. Enough already with the temper tantrums .  
DOCTOR: Don't antagonise him, Hex. Much more of that sort of thing and he'll split this planet asunder.  
TUIN: Ah, and I have considered it. But my children, their faith remains strong.  
DOCTOR: Faith and a bogus creed that demands they destroy one another?  
ACE: What happened to don't antagonise him?  
TUIN: I feel their pain, Doctor, their terrible suffering.  
HEX: Yeah. I'm convinced.  
DOCTOR: I imagine it's more of a deep-down spiritual pain, the kind that doesn't necessarily show.  
TUIN: The scars of war are writ upon my surface.

DOCTOR: You started it. Don't expect us to feel sorry for you.  
HEX: You started the war?  
DOCTOR: Well, of course he did.  
ACE: Why?  
TUIN: For years my children, the Tuinese, they worshipped me without question.  
ACE: They still do.  
TUIN : It wasn't enough.  
HEX: Why do gods always have such massive egos?  
TUIN: Because we are gods.  
HEX: Stupid question, really.  
TUIN: My children prayed to me, built temples to me, gave thanks to me.  
HEX: Then what? They forgot your birthday?  
DOCTOR: They grew up, Hex. They saw that, marvellous though you are, Tuin, even for a fairly small sentient planet, they saw that they too were marvellous creations. And, as every child does...  
ACE: They wanted to be independent.  
HEX: They wanted to leave home.  
DOCTOR: But Tuin didn't like that, did you? Oh, no, you liked the dancing around and the praising and the celebrating all right, but the independence, the self-reliance? No.  
TUIN: They were disobedient.  
DOCTOR: And so you punished them.  
TUIN: With earthquakes, and hurricanes, fire and brimstone, and more. Great days.  
DOCTOR: But they escaped you even then, didn't they? They fled to the moons of Ir and Ri.  
TUIN: They were ungrateful.  
DOCTOR: And so you cursed them with war, set the Ir and the Ri against one other.  
HEX: Yeah, but how?  
DOCTOR: The pillar. Two gene clouds, each targeted at each of the moons. The Ir gained their characteristics.  
ACE: Baldness and cunning?  
DOCTOR: And the Ri gained theirs.  
HEX: Boldness and... gingeriness.  
DOCTOR: Such trivial differences. The perfect recipe for ten thousand years of war.  
TUIN: Silence. The wedding will proceed.  
ACE: Oh. I'd forgotten all about that.  
HEX: You had?  
DOCTOR: I think we can all forget about the wedding.  
TUIN: She is the Shining Wife. He is the Dark Husband. The wedding must commence to bring peace eternal to Tuin.  
DOCTOR: Yes. You see, that's where I went wrong. I knew that the wedding would indeed bring peace to Tuin, but what I hadn't quite realised was, what that meant. Not peace to Tuin as in the end of a horrible war, but a different kind of peace to a different Tuin.  
TUIN: Proceed. Proceed with the wedding, or...  
DOCTOR: Oh, son et lumière. Please, you don't impress me, Tuin, with all this noise.  
ACE: You need this wedding. Really need it. Why?  
TUIN: The wedding represents the very future of Tuin. Without it, I cannot survive.

IRIT: Tuin is displeased.  
(A thunderbolt.)  
ORI: He sends lightning.  
IRIT: The skies are boiling, red with Tuin's rage.  
ORI: Leave! Flee, from Tuin's anger! Flee!  
IRIT: Hah. Where's your courage now, soldier of Ri?  
ORI: And where's your wisdom? The wedding has gone wrong. Tuin will destroy us all.  
IRIT: If that's the case...  
ORI: It is.  
IRIT: Then what was all our fighting for? If the world ends now, and if Ir and Ri spin off their axes, what was it for?  
ORI: Let's go to Tuin, call the wedding off, so we may continue the war.  
IRIT: Yes, yes. Ori of Ri, you speak with wisdom.  
ORI: I do?  
IRIT: You do. And I, Irit of Ir, I can show courage.  
ORI: You can? I, I mean, you can.  
IRIT: We shall go to Tuin together.  
ORI: How?

IRIT: There is only one way. By the Disc of Union.  
ORI: But that means...  
IRIT: Yes. Yes. Come with me, Ori of Ri. I shall be the Husband.  
ORI: And I shall be the Wife.

TUIN: I will become perfect. I will end my own impurity.  
ACE: Eh?  
DOCTOR: I think I'm beginning to understand.  
HEX: Well, we're not.  
TUIN: Silence. The wedding will begin now, or I shall shatter the whole of Tuin.  
ACE: Doctor, he means it.  
HEX: He's nuts.  
DOCTOR: Is that a clinical diagnosis, Master Hex?  
HEX: Yes!  
DOCTOR: I think you're right. Tuin, that's enough!  
TUIN: Stand forward, Husband.  
HEX: All right.  
TUIN: Stand forward, Wife.  
ACE: What now?  
TUIN: Do you, Dark Husband, meet the challenge of this Wife?  
HEX: Challenge? Yeah! Yeah, yeah. Course I do.  
TUIN: Do you, Shining Wife, meet the challenge of this Husband?  
ACE: I...  
HEX: It's just a ritual, you said.  
DOCTOR: It's more than that. But I still don't see...  
TUIN: Silence. Do you, Shining Wife, meet the challenge of this Husband?  
ACE: (sotto) I do.  
TUIN: Speak up.  
ACE: I do, all right? I do. Happy now?  
HEX: That's it kid, you and me, happy ever after.  
ACE: Bog off, Hex.  
TUIN: Bards, bring forth the rings.  
HEX: What?  
DOCTOR: Oh no.  
(Tractor beam.)  
BARDS: We are Tuin's ancient Bards. We recite and rhyme and sing. Hail Husband, hail Wife, here's to your conjoining .  
ACE: Oh, for a minute I thought they were going to murder us.  
DOCTOR: No, they're quite happy murdering poetry.  
TUIN: The Rings of Futurity.  
HEX: That's way too big for a ring.  
DOCTOR: I think you wear it on your head.  
TUIN: Crown them.  
BARD 1: Cunning Husband, son of Ir. Here be your crown may you know no fear.  
BARD 2: Courageous Wife, daughter of Ri. Here be your crown, may you never flee.  
(Grinding of stone as crown is put on.)  
HEX: Is that it? Are we done?  
(Energy makes Ace and Hex cry out.)  
DOCTOR: Ace, Hex! If you harm them, I'll...  
TUIN: I will never harm my children. Hex of Ir, Ace of Ri.  
ACE + HEX: Yes, mighty Tuin.  
TUIN: You are Husband, you are Wife.  
ACE + HEX: Yes.  
TUIN: You, Husband, may now kill the Wife, and you, Wife, the Husband.  
ACE + HEX: We will.  
DOCTOR: Nooooooooooooo!

ORI: I come here today not alone, but with the finest of suitors. One who has offered himself freely, with no regard what the future may hold. Step forward, Irit.  
IRIT: I have stepped forward, Ri fool.  
ORI: Oh, yes. Behold the Dark Husband.  
IRIT: I come here today not alone, but the bravest of females, blah-blah. Step forward, Ori. Step forward.  
ORI: On it!

IRIT: Behold the Shining Wife. Er...  
ORI: We stand on the Disc of Union.  
IRIT: Mmm? Oh, I know! We stand on the Disc of Union that has lain here waiting thousands of years for this moment. This Shining Wife and the Dark Husband.  
ORI: Speak, any who deny their union.  
IRIT: They've all gone.  
ORI: And see, the Disc of Union glows.  
IRIT: And so...  
ORI: The ceremony...  
(Wibble.)

(Wibble.)

IRIT: What place is this?  
ORI: Where - where are we?  
DOCTOR: Just in time.  
TUIN: What is the meaning of this intrusion?  
HEX: (monotone) The Husband aches to kill his wife.  
ACE: (monotone) The Wife longs to slay her husband.  
TUIN: Soon. What are these creatures doing here?  
DOCTOR: Oh, just a couple of witnesses. Family members, if you like.  
ORI: No.  
IRIT: Why, it cannot be.  
ORI: The old engravings.  
IRIT: The stories.  
DOCTOR: Yes. It is Tuin, the mother and father of Ir and Ri, the sentience to whom you bow down each and every day. Smaller in real life, isn't he?  
IRIT: I - I - I cannot speak.  
ORI: Ir, you dust-head.  
IRIT: Ri cretin.  
TUIN: You are my children? You?  
ORI: We are. I am Ori of the Ri.  
IRIT: I am Irit of the Ir.  
TUIN: You are the children who despise me, as I despise you. You are the spawn who lack respect.  
ORI: But... but we fought a war in your name.  
IRIT: We have battled aeons to win your respect.  
TUIN: I say again, you are nothing to me.  
ORI: I don't understand.  
DOCTOR: But I do. Your peoples - the Ri and the Ir - both created by Tuin, are two halves of one being.  
IRIT: This cannot be. We're different. We're old enemies.  
DOCTOR: Yes, I know all that. The warring halves, different parts of the same thing, Ying and Yang, Romulus and Remus.  
BARD 1: Mighty heroes of legend and lore.  
BARD 2: Duelliptically split in days of long yore.  
DOCTOR: The same, but different.  
ORI: But Doctor, if we're the same, then why have we fought for so long?  
DOCTOR: Why indeed?  
TUIN: They are flawed. They are faulty. I was Tuin, perfect and whole. I sundered my self to create you, and all I created were two broken vessels.  
DOCTOR: Ah, now we're getting to the bottom of it.  
IRIT: But, but... we haven't done... we've done nothing to offend you.  
ORI: We have obeyed all your precepts to the letter.  
TUIN: You are specks on my purity. My Bards?  
BARD 1: Yes, mighty Tuin.  
BARD 2: You called, mighty Tuin?  
TUIN: Kill them both. Oh, and this Doctor.  
BARDS: Verily!  
ORI: Ha! Stone warriors, you don't scare Ori of the Ri.  
IRIT: Nor Irit of the Ir.  
DOCTOR: Watch out!  
(Ori and Irit cry out.)  
TUIN: Husband. Wife.  
DOCTOR: Leave them alone.  
TUIN: Detract.

DOCTOR: No!  
(Detractor beam.)  
IRIT: Tuin?  
ORI: Ace is gone.  
BARD 1: So Husband And Wife may fully conjoin.  
BARD 2: In battle.  
ORI: These, these are stone creatures.  
IRIT: No, we cannot defeat them.  
DOCTOR: You don't have to. On their foreheads, press One" Just do it.  
BARD 1: Narrative history selected.  
BARD 2: For ninety hundred year, ere Tuin spread its wings.  
ORI: What's this?  
DOCTOR: History.  
BARD 2: Tuin's priests determined this...  
DOCTOR: We don't have to listen. Help me get their heads off.  
IRIT: Heads?  
DOCTOR: Tuin?  
BARD 1: Should they fall from Tuin's ways.  
ORI: Oh, it's light to pull.  
BARD 2: To protect her people near and far.  
DOCTOR: Good. Now...  
IRIT: You make knots of its innards.  
DOCTOR: Will you shut the other one up before it starts to do the knight-listing thing.  
BARD 2: And each then gave...  
DOCTOR: Thank you.  
ORI: How does this help? We should seek out Tuin.  
DOCTOR: He's gone to ground. If I can just tune this Bard to the frequency of that last detractor beam...  
ORI + IRIT: Yes?  
DOCTOR: We should be able to jump from this reception to wherever Tuin's got the honeymoon suite.  
ORI: The wedding continues?  
DOCTOR: Well, of course the wedding continues.  
IRIT: But what sort of wedding is it where a husband kills his wife?  
DOCTOR: Don't you see? Tuin divided itself when it made you. Now it hates itself.  
ORI: Tuin cannot hate itself. Tuin is divine.  
DOCTOR: Oh, Tuin is deeply, deeply unhappy. He rejected his own children. He set them against one another in the hope that a good long war might help them rediscover their devotion to him. Only...  
IRIT: Only what, Doctor?  
DOCTOR: He divided you. Both Ir and Ri think they're Tuin's chosen people.  
ORI: And we will be.  
IRIT: When the final victory comes.  
DOCTOR: But you're all his children. He loves both Ir and Ri alike, so how does he choose between you?  
ORI: He... cannot.  
DOCTOR: Hence this wedding. A process by which the bravest of the Ri and the most cunning of the Ir join together to challenge one another. The victor will be chosen. The most worthy, the most devout.  
IRIT: And the loser?  
DOCTOR: That's what I'm worried about. Oh!  
IRIT: Doctor?  
ORI: What is it?  
DOCTOR: There's something written on the inside of the Bard's brain-pan.  
IRIT: Just squiggles.  
DOCTOR: Ah, but I can read the language.  
ORI: And what do these squiggles tell you, Doctor?  
DOCTOR: Everything.

TUIN: Now begins the Wedding of Tuin. Now ends the division of us. Now comes the new time. Dark Husband, Shining Wife, are you prepared?

ACE + HEX: We are.

TUIN: And have you chosen your weapons?

ACE + HEX: We have.

TUIN: Fine blades, forged by the ancient Tuinese, before they turned their backs on me.

ACE + HEX: What must we do, mighty Tuin?

TUIN: Here beneath my pillar, here is the altar of transfiguration. The one who stands there will be chosen. You must prevent the other from reaching the altar.

ACE + HEX: We will.  
TUIN: Dearly beloved, the moment has come.  
(Wibble.)  
DOCTOR: That's right. Hold on.  
TUIN: What?  
DOCTOR: That was quick. Ori, Irit?  
ORI + IRIT: Doctor?  
DOCTOR: Ace and Hex. Grab them and don't hurt them.  
HEX: Back. I am the Dark Husband.  
ACE: I am the Shining Wife.  
ACE + HEX: You will not prevent our transfiguration.  
DOCTOR: Transfiguration? Oh no, that's...  
TUIN: The altar of transfiguration, Doctor. The ultimate destiny of Ir or Ri, of Dark Husband or Shining Wife.  
DOCTOR: That's a genetic condenser.  
ORI: Are... are these ritual words?  
TUIN: Each of them is part of me. Half of me. I am Tuin. My affections are divided. The Dark Husband is Ir - cunning, wise, devious. The Shining Wife is Ri - brave, impulsive, violent. Both are Tuin, yet one is flawed. And so they will fight.  
DOCTOR: Tuin confuses oneness and unity with right. He can't choose between the two halves of his being.  
ORI: And he will make his choice through combat? This is too cruel.  
IRIT: I thought you Ri loved to fight.  
ORI: But there is no honour in this. There is no fairness. He uses them like a tyrant who sets his two pet dogs to fighting.  
DOCTOR: Well, that's your war in one sentence.  
IRIT: This is madness.  
DOCTOR: Oh! It's even madder than you think. The victor will be genetically condensed here on this altar, pumped up through the pillar, to be showered all over the surface of the planet above. A gene cloud that will transform all life.  
TUIN: If Ir wins, all will become Ir. If Ri wins, all will become Ri.  
ORI: But... but Ace, and Hox.  
IRIT: They're human.  
TUIN: They... they are your champions, the best that Ir and Ri can offer.  
DOCTOR: They're human. Whoever wins, both the Ir and the Ri will be destroyed, transfigured, turned human as your pillar pumps out its confetti of death.  
ORI: You would do this, Tuin?  
IRIT: You would destroy both Ri and Ir alike?  
TUIN: I... I... I do... I, I cannot...  
DOCTOR: Doubts creeping in, Tuin? A shred of realisation?  
ORI: Tuin, you are evil!  
IRIT: You are wrong.  
TUIN: There. There, do you see? Both Ir and Ri reject me.  
DOCTOR: No. No, no!  
TUIN: Yes, yes, yes. I shall destroy them. I shall destroy both Ir and Ri. The wedding continues. By the power of Tuin, creator of Ri and the Ir, I bring together the Shining Wife and the Dark Husband.  
IRIT: No, we stand against you, Dark Husband, Shining Wife.  
ORI: United.  
IRIT: Ir to Ri.  
ORI: And Ri for Ir.  
IRIT: You shall not ascend the alter.  
ACE: But we shall.  
HEX: Together.  
TUIN: Don't just talk about it. Husband, Wife, kill them. Kill my faithless children.  
ACE + HEX: Yah!  
DOCTOR: No!  
ACE + HEX: Do you stand before us too?  
DOCTOR: Ace, Hex, whatever thoughts are in your head, you must resist them.  
ACE: I am the Shining Wife. I am Ri. I am impulse. I am brave. I do not wait for orders.  
HEX: I am the Dark Husband. I am Ir. I am the thinker, the planner, he who waits then strikes.  
IRIT: But this makes no sense. He's not Ir.  
ORI: She is not Ri.  
DOCTOR: Don't you see? Nobody is. The Ir and the Ri are the same people. Two sides of one coin. There is no Ir, and there are no Ri.  
TUIN: Enough.

DOCTOR: Listen to me. You are Hex and Ace. You're currently in the thrall of a creature that hates itself, a creature that longs to cut its soul in half.

TUIN: Kill him. Kill him, Husband. Kill him, Wife.

DOCTOR: Hex, Ace, think. Remember who you are, and what you are.

ACE: I am heat. I am impulse. I am hate.

DOCTOR: Ace, you are all these things, and you are the opposite of those things. Hex?

HEX: I am cold. I am cunning. I am hate.

DOCTOR: Hex, you're the most impulsive of us all. Remember who you are. Fix on those memories. Remember your feelings. Remember something you love, someone you love.

HEX: Something. Someone.

DOCTOR: Yes, yes. Look at Ace.

HEX: My Shining Wife. (clatter) Ace.

TUIN: No. No. Ignore him. Kill him.

DOCTOR: Ace, you look at Hex.

ACE: My Dark Husband. (clatter) Hex.

DOCTOR: Now, very gently, raise your right hands, both of you, and take the ring from the other's head.

HEX: Ace?

ACE: Hex?

HEX: Does this mean, we're not married any more?

TUIN: No, no. I shall destroy all Tuin. Begin the Transfiguration.

ORI: Doctor, the altar!

IRIT: But there's nothing there.

ACE: Oh yes, there is.

HEX: Tuin.

TUIN: With the last reserves of my physical existence, I shall transform all life on Tuin. Transform it, dead.

ACE: Doctor, he can't.

HEX: Can he?

DOCTOR: He gave life to all of Tuin. If he condenses himself, it'll be like turning off every gene in the Ir and the Ri.

TUIN: So be it. If they do not worship Tuin, then Tuin will die. Let them die with Tuin.

ACE: Doctor, do something.

ORI: The Bards, Doctor. What was in the Bards' heads?

DOCTOR: Not now. Ori.

TUIN: The Bards' head?

ORI: Ir see squiggles.

TUIN: What? What? What?

IRIT: What do they mean, Doctor?

TUIN: No!

DOCTOR: In the language of the fabled World-shapers of the Large Magellanic Cloud, it means simply reject.

ALL: Reject?

DOCTOR: Tuin, the Bards, the pillar, all part of a faulty planet-building kit. A kit that failed quality control. A kit that was defective.

TUIN: No!

DOCTOR: Thrown spinning into space. A factory second. Unwanted. A reject.

TUIN: I transform you all. Transform all life. Transform it, dead.

HEX: Doctor?

ACE: Do something, Doctor.

DOCTOR: There's nothing I can do.

HEX: But...? Was that a but?

ACE: It was. It was a but.

ORI: Doctor!

IRIT: He means, soldier Ri, that there's nothing he can do to save the Ir or the Ri.

ORI: Because he is neither Ir nor Ri. Yes.

IRIT: Join with me, Ri Wife. Join with me on the altar.

ORI: I will, Ir Husband.

HEX: Ori? Ori! No!

IRIT: Goodbye, Doctor. Goodbye, Ace.

ORI: Goodbye, Hex.

(Explosion.)

ACE: Was that it?

HEX: They're dead, aren't they?

DOCTOR: Not exactly, Hex.

HEX: What do you mean, not exactly?

(Fireworks. Talking and party in the background.)

ACE: Hey, the Festival's started up again.

DOCTOR: Can't you tell? The war's over, Ace.

ACE: It can't just end like that, in a flash.

HEX: It can. Look. That fella there, the Ri. He's...

DOCTOR: Moulting is the word I think you're looking for.

ACE: Lots of lrs going ginger on top.

DOCTOR: There's something in the air, and the water, and the wind and the earth. A transforming charge of Ori, Irit, and yes, Tuin itself.

HEX : They're one people again.

DOCTOR: It'll take time, but soon, they'll barely notice the differences. Who knows? They might even start to marry one another.

ACE: Then that's it? War ended, harmony restored, job done?

DOCTOR: Exactly. Now, let's be off before they start giving us medals. I hate medals.

ACE: Well, you don't get off without this.

(A kiss.)

DOCTOR: What was that for?

ACE: When you told me down there to think of all the things I love, I thought of you, Doctor. And the Tardis. And this life. So that's what the kiss was for.

DOCTOR: I... thank you, Ace.

HEX: (retching) Please. Beer tent, anyone?

DOCTOR: (distant) Ace, Hex, come on.

ACE: Hey, you didn't say.

HEX: Say what?

ACE: What it was you thought about, you know, underneath the pillar.

HEX: Oh. You know.

ACE: No I don't.

HEX: Stuff.

ACE: Stuff?

HEX: All right then. Football.

ACE: Football?

HEX: Yeah, football.

ACE: (sighs) Thomas Hector Schofield, you have no soul. Coming, Doctor.

HEX: Football. And... other things.